

The COMMONWEAL

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Three-Power Alliance on Two Fronts

SO MUCH has been written about Japan's joining the Axis that it seems impossible every point has not been stressed to a degree which makes the crisis appear even more acute than it can actually be. In fact, there will almost surely be a relaxation of tension before the final tightening brings the break which will throw the United States into the war as a full belligerent. However, two elements of the situation have not received the headlining due them if they are as important as they offhand appear. Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka issued a statement on October 7 directly implying that Japan would make a kind of peace with the Chiang Kai-shek government of China. He said in part: "If and when the Chiang Kai-shek régime realizes the true intentions of the three-power alliance . . . I feel sure that the régime will realize the wisdom of rallying to the support of the alliance and cooperating with Japan. . . ." Previously Japan has given every impression of making the elimination of Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang one of her very first requirements. Now the Japanese are willing to contemplate the dropping of their puppet Chinese government as a method of working out the new Asia.

The Axis has left a huge opening for propa-

ganda, or plain facts, in Latin America. The offer which the three powers made to the United States of control over the Americas we should think would be rather frank for the other sovereign nations of this hemisphere to relish. Undoubtedly Walter Lippmann does not exaggerate when he writes: "We think this means that they will permit us to overrun and conquer our neighbors from Mexico to the Argentine as they are overrunning and trying to conquer the nations of Europe and all the peoples of the Far East." After this ambiguous offer to the US, the Axis should have difficulty painting the picture of its tender regard for South America and its altruistic purpose to balk Yankee imperialism south of the border.

Switzerland Must Go

THE GERMAN PLAN is to dominate Europe and impose a New Order. The Germans have to destroy England because British power stands in the way of their carrying out that plan. With that plan in mind all the action of the war follows logically; no matter how remote the fields invaded by war they are invaded because of its necessities. Holland, Belgium and Northern France were considered in terms of the Channel ports. Norway in terms of iron ore and the North Sea. Rumania in terms of oil, food supplies, the Dardanelles and beyond. Spain in terms of Gibraltar; Portugal and the Azores in terms of the Atlantic. The detail of operations is subordinate to the action against England and this action is subordinate to the plan for the New Order. On this plane of action ideology counts for little; what has been taking place is a classic military operation.

While France was still the immediate German objective, Switzerland, too, was considered in the light of military necessities. There was a plan to invade France through Basel and the Swiss valleys. Partly because of the serious determination of the Swiss people to resist, the alternate Northern plan was preferred and successfully used. Switzerland now is in the path of no invasion; surrounded and powerless, it is unconcerned with the strategy of the war. But it is not unconcerned with the master plan. As long as the question was of strategy, the Swiss people had a chance to be spared invasion and in fact the war machine passed them by. But now that Swiss liberty depends on the New Order and not on military factors its fate is sealed. These Swiss people, living where meet the three great sources of continental civilization, these men speaking French and German and Italian, six hundred years ago commenced to build a new order of their own, invented a new possibility and a new image for European life. Based on fidelity, held together

by a religious oath, their Confederation respected diversity, consented to unity. Shaken by the Reformation, the plan held, the effort continued. The Protestant Cantons and the Catholic, Vaud and Valais, Fribourg and Neuchatel and Geneva, the German Cantons and the French and the Italian—Schwyz, Uri, Glarus, Solothurn, the Ticino—these names cried out and still cry out their own identity together with their acceptance of a plan for national life. It was mind and conscience and heroism—Nicholas of Flüe, the Reformers with the Saints, soldiers and peasants and patriots—which made a community, created an accepted discipline. That localized and living image of a Europe which might have been cannot remain to reproach the Europe which exists. A freely consented unity, were it the silent dream in one man's mind and not the achievement of a free people, cannot be permitted to remain side by side with the unity which has coerced and silenced the Czechs, imprisoned the Poles. That which was a realization, an example and a promise, soon must become a memory. We do not need to know what the generals are thinking to know that Switzerland must go.

Blockading the Conquered Peoples of Europe

ONE ISSUE on which many are divided, including COMMONWEAL editors, is that of preventing starvation in conquered Belgium, France, Holland, Norway and Poland. Those publicly advocating no relief without Britain's full and free consent include a number of eminent men, among them Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, a Contributing Editor of THE COMMONWEAL. Disagreement with such a conclusion is based on several important factors. England is fighting for her life and chooses to blockade conquered territories in hopes of squeezing Germany and making the conquered people more unruly; this may well be a matter of years, if it ever proves wholly effective. The United States is not fighting for her life and therefore has not the same impulsions. It is one thing to blockade an enemy, another to starve the peoples he has conquered. In the last war Hoover's commission demonstrated that the Belgians could be fed without supplying the Germans. So much is at stake here. Americans want no part in the malnutrition of millions of children, a scourge that leaves its mark on a whole generation. To further the defeat of Hitler we are willing to send arms and food and clothing, medical supplies and American blood for transfusions. We have sent 50 destroyers and after the election we may add flying fortresses and torpedo boats. But there are many of us who in the name of humanity stop short of agreeing to withhold our surpluses from starving millions in conquered lands even for the

sake of harassing the enemy of so much we hold dear. In assistance to Britain there are some weapons that are simply too inhuman. And starvation of innocent civilians, maiming a whole generation of fellow-humans in vanquished lands, is one of them.

E. S. S.

World's Fair Employees—the Aftermath

IT IS easy enough for a large organization with a limited life, pressing financial difficulties and heads enough to be in a sense anonymous—it is easy enough for such an organization to shake off its employees when the time comes, with only a murmur of good-bye and perhaps of regret. The New York World's Fair deserves considerable credit for going about the business otherwise. It writes a constructive chapter into the history of employer responsibility by its activities on behalf of the four to five thousand Fair workers whose jobs end this fall. A bureau has been established to effect contacts between these men and women and possible future employers, and so ably has its work been done to date that it reports its first appeal as being so to speak oversubscribed; that is, potential hirers have answered its letters in such numbers that the Fair is suspending those solicitations, at least for the time being. The high type of the Fair's employee personnel undoubtedly has a great deal to do with this, as the bureau itself proclaims; even so, it is unlikely that the most desirous employer would of his own initiative have beaten a path across the Flushing Meadows. Equally praiseworthy is the positive action being taken for the Fair's alien employees who are now barred from their native lands by war. Representative John J. Delaney sponsors a bill in Congress permitting these unfortunate people to remain in this country permanently. Their numbers would be checked off against the quota allowances "the first year that the quotas . . . are available"; but no present difficulties on that score would operate to prevent their remaining. This is a humane and well-considered move, and it has the further merit of forethought instead of afterthought.

Wendell Willkie at Newark, N. J.

ON A warm October evening the Newark city stadium, scene of high school football games and summer concerts, was flying American flags from every main pillar. Some 20,000 people had come to see and hear their candidate for the presidency. Town cars were few, but plenty of moderate price models filled every conceivable foot of space at nearby service stations and more remote side streets. Chartered buses brought many adherents from adjacent sub-

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urbs. Dark-eyed Italian boys from the neighborhood came to see the fun. Willkie himself drove up in a 1936 Ford convertible phaeton, a dead ringer for the model Franklin Roosevelt pilots around his Hyde Park estate for the newsreels. The candidate strode into a glare of spotlights and round after round of applause. Everyone was waving small American flags. Press photographers clustered around the speaker's table; all that evening their bulbs flashed off and on like so many fireflies. But Mr. Willkie was beginning, his voice coming out into the evening strong and clear. A statement or two then a punctuation of applause. When his voice struck its first hoarse note someone rushed over with a glass of water. The periodic gusts of applause were weaker. Frank Hague and Jersey City were an old story to these New Jersey Republicans, and the way Mr. Willkie was linking them up with Mr. Roosevelt wasn't striking sparks. On and on went the sad story of city machines and dishonest voting. A lone voice went up from the crowd, "What are you going to do about it?" As the speech neared its end, a plea to support local Republican candidates evoked another tepid response. Only a final salute to the crowd kept the meeting from breaking up on a pathetic note of anti-climax; this time the applause was long and loud. The people began to file out toward their various means of conveyance. They were neither noisy nor overjoyed; they did not radiate confidence. Mr. Willkie had told them nothing new; he hadn't said what he would do as president. But they had seen their candidate, liked him and told him so, and they were going home happy.

Dr. Butler Goes to War

PRESIDENT BUTLER'S address to the Columbia University Faculties contained very few outright statements. Little wonder that it aroused a desire on the part of some of his audience to know precisely what he meant. He said that we are not in the war from a military point of view, but that we are in it ideologically and economically. He said that behind the war of "political doctrines" was a "war between beasts and human beings," and no one wondered very much which side was which. Then he called upon any members of the faculty whose views are those of the beasts "in ordinary self-respect" to resign their posts. Did he mean that a professor who opposed the Roosevelt foreign policy should resign? Or did he merely mean that a man who believed in the Nuremberg racism had no business holding a job at Columbia? The whole question of academic freedom is a vexing matter for any but the most extreme relativists. For them it is the principle—even though self-contradictory. But the moment you commit your-

self to faith in objective principles, in sure truths, the problem acquires as many spines as a hedgehog. For then it becomes a question of what truths you consider beyond useful contradiction. It is easy enough to fall back on the old formula, *in essentia unitas*. . . . What are the *essentia*? Even for Catholics, with twenty centuries of theological thinking at their disposal, the question is not always easy. What must it be for Columbia which has more or less to pull its truths out of a hat? Inevitably he will be influenced by his own predispositions, and if he feels very strongly that the present war is a war between men and beasts, then that conviction only too easily becomes for him an absolute the denial of which he cannot tolerate. What his speech indicates is perhaps not so much a threat to Columbia's academic freedom as the woeful state of a culture with no basis of agreed, objective principles, no absolutes.

From London

ELSEWHERE in this issue J. L. Benvenisti very cogently states the real problem of Europe's future. No matter how this war turns out, Europe's power is on the wane unless most of the peoples of that continent can reverse the present trends of their birth rates.

This same adverse tendency affects our birth rate too, so that what Mr. Benvenisti says of Europe can be said with only a little less force of the US. He points to the fact that all the efforts of the totalitarian states to remedy this condition have been of little avail, and concludes that guarantees of income and employment will "hardly suffice." They may, however, "become effective if there is a general acceptance of certain values, i.e., if it is generally recognized that it is more desirable to have children than to have some other form of satisfaction." To a certain extent this is, of course, true. Birth control and abortion have their effect upon the birth rate. But it is a very serious question whether their effect has been the principal factor in the present situation. In other words, if both these evils were to be reduced to a minimum, would the result be sufficient to reverse the tendency Mr. Benvenisti deplors? He himself makes no explicit allowance for other factors. Late marriage and celibacy are important. There is also evidence that with the best will in the world, many people simply cannot have children, or can have only a limited number. For this there may be profound physiological and environmental reasons of which, so far, science knows little or nothing. In considering the problem, then, it seems that some allowance must be made for such factors, that they should become the subject of scientific and statistical study, and that the findings of such study be taken into full account in any plans to remedy the situation.

Academic
Freedom

From London

A testimony from England as to the effect of air warfare, and reflections on the renewal of population.

By J. L. Benvenisti

A FEW YEARS ago Mr. Baldwin, then Prime Minister of England, used during the course of a notable and much publicized speech the words, "When the next war comes and European civilization is wiped out." This was more or less common ground in those days. Most people deplored war for this reason and a few took the line that civilization was not worth preserving anyway; but they were all quite clear that war would wipe civilization out. Also they all seemed rather to enjoy making each other's flesh creep by talking about this impending doom. Mr. Wells wrote a very entertaining book called "The Shape of Things to Come," and the film people made a first-rate film of it showing how cities would be annihilated in about five minutes (nobody having taken any precautions or counter measures, or exercised any sort of foresight whatever) and then in a few years' time, there we all were living a short of stone age existence, governed by petty bosses who spouted undigested Nietzsche and despised the amenities of plumbing.

It was all great fun, but a few of us (including the present writer) obstinately affirmed that the whole thing was nonsense. It is pleasant to recall that judgment now. I have just returned from London where I experienced a four-hour daylight air raid, and anything less resembling a cultural Götterdämmerung it would be difficult to imagine.

My chief recollection of the day is of the visible anguish of soul of our club secretary because the club had prepared the usual hot lunch and the Germans were so ungentlemanly as to refuse to go away in time for us to eat it. We were eventually gathered together in the huge billiard room which is well below street level and fortified ourselves with cold pie and salad, which was laid out on the billiard tables, while outside we could still hear the thud of distant bombs.

All this of course is mildly annoying, but so far from destroying the organization of civilized life, these little difficulties are calling out a new resourcefulness and a new intensity of collective effort. The loss of life is, considering that we are all in the front line these days, infinitesimal, and the problem of adequately housing those rendered homeless by the bombardment is certainly not of a magnitude to baffle administrative

ingenuity. The most serious matter at the moment is the absence of deep shelter accommodation and the finding of some means, now that the winter is coming on, of combining a modicum of safety (such as that provided by the small Anderson garden shelter) with protection against cold and damp. But even here I cannot but suppose that some solution will be found. Meanwhile I can assure you that we have no feeling of doom hanging over us.

Quite the contrary. Ever since the mass attacks began in August, the qualitative superiority of the British Air Force has been so overwhelmingly obvious that we have really come to take it for granted. Indeed the first fine exhilaration of those days has been largely lost; we treat it as a matter of course now that the Germans should lose approximately 3 to 1 in machines and 6 to 1 in personnel.

You may think this is propaganda, you may think I am merely repeating tendentious reports. Well, my name is not wholly unknown and I have some poor reputation to lose. I therefore declare upon my honor as a Christian and a journalist that what I say is true. Part of what I say rests upon the evidence of my own eyes. For the rest I have made it my business to test our reports. I have discussed them with highly placed officers, some of whom I know intimately. By their attitude, tone and gesture, by their obvious exasperation at hearing plain facts called in question, I know I am dealing with truth.

Material damage

Meanwhile it would be idle to deny that there is on both sides an appreciable amount of material damage and that we are as yet only at the beginning of this destruction. I return therefore to the question with which I opened this article. Am I witnessing the end of civilization?

As far as this material damage is concerned, the question can be answered by a little simple rough-and-ready calculation. The capital wealth of Great Britain is usually estimated at between a thousand and fifteen hundred dollars per head of the population. Taking the population of London at six millions, it would appear that eight billion dollars would be a fair estimate for the value of London's assets. Of course a great deal

of wealth is concentrated in London which belongs to people living outside, but, as against that, much of the wealth of London itself consists of paper claims on real assets existing not only in other parts of England but in other parts of the world. We may surely treat these two things as cancelling one another out and accept the figure of eight billion dollars as being a fair estimate of the value of the physical assets concentrated in the city. Well, eight billion dollars is the cost of carrying on the war for about nine months, and though money values are a very inaccurate means of measuring things, they give us in this case a practicable means of estimating the effort needed to rebuild and restock London if the city were reduced to ruins—which, I may say, is improbable.

Nor do I attach much importance to the possible dislocation of services and the disorganization of utilities, though this might cause, and is indeed causing, a damnable degree of temporary inconvenience. We are prepared for those things and have made our arrangements, which so far have worked with surprising speed and efficiency.

I am much more afraid of the effects of actual slaughter in the field if a prolonged deadlock on land were to develop, along the lines of the first World War. This might really have profound repercussions on the future. I do not believe that the French ever recovered from their losses in men between 1914 and 1918. Some vital element was certainly lost by the butchery of all that fine material, and it is in this loss that history may one day see the chief cause of their recent defeat.

Another factor concerning which only the future will reveal the truth, is the possible effect of constant air raids on women in pregnancy. It is impossible to get all expectant mothers even to a place of comparative safety—and no place in England is at the moment completely safe except possibly the London Underground Railway, which would scarcely make an ideal maternity hospital. Women on the whole are as brave as men, but the truth cannot be shirked that the threat of air raids has subconsciously a very marked effect on many of them, and expectant mothers would certainly be more affected than the rest. Here there is really a potential danger for the coming generation. If the war lasts four or five years, as it well may do, we might have a million or so of temperamentally thoroughly unstable people injected into the nation, and the problem of these "air raid babies" coupled with that of a declining birth rate might possibly be the beginning of the end.

¹ Judging from a rough estimate that I have endeavored personally to make, I should say that the destruction of London is taking place at the rate of one-third to one-fifth of one percent per week, so that it would take the Germans at their present rate of procedure from six to ten years to wipe the city out of existence. This estimate is, of course, derived entirely from my own personal observation, since naturally enough no official figures of the destruction are published.

The birth rate

But there is one matter rather closely related to this in respect of which apprehension should in no way be ascribed to mere unwarrantable pessimism; that is the effect of war on the birth rate. The rate of increase is here, as in most other civilized countries, rapidly declining. This decline tends here and there to be interrupted. But it is a decline for all that. Indeed in the light of this great reality the present war seems a war of shadows, a gigantic piece of irrelevance, a distraction from the real battle of gods and demons which is going on in the background all the time. While both sides here are using tremendous energy in dropping high explosives on one another, the European world is rushing headlong toward the abyss of race suicide. The thing is upon us as near as tomorrow's breakfast and more full of the potentialities of destruction than a dozen shiploads of high explosives. This and not the war itself is the most important fact of the present decade, and it is in the light of this fact alone that the war has real historic significance.

It has been computed that within a bare twenty-five years the population of Britain will have fallen by at least five percent and possibly by twenty percent, and that within fifty years it may be reduced to half its present numbers. Other countries are in pretty much the same case. This may well mean that those who are now children might really see before they die the complete collapse of civilized European life, and this without any assistance from Herr Hitler. Anybody who has an elementary knowledge of economics knows that I am not exaggerating the danger.

It seems to me, therefore, that in trying to forecast our immediate future we have only one question to answer. It is this: Will war retard or accentuate this process?

Now there are two ways in which war might suddenly increase this momentum. The first (aside from mere physical slaughter) is the sheer growth of *tedium vitae*. It is reported that the birth rate in Germany is falling rapidly since the war, and this is generally attributed to a refusal to produce cannon fodder for Hitler. I do not know whether this is the true explanation, nor, for that matter, would I vouch for the accuracy of my facts. But I can certainly say that no such mood exists in this country at the moment. Actually since the war there has been a slight increase in the number of births and I have never known the nation so united and in the main so generally content with life.

I am much more concerned with what may happen after the cessation of hostilities. When tension relaxes and there is no longer any necessity for this huge concentration of effort, the psychological reaction will be enormous, but what direction will it take?

The situation existing during and after the last war is in no way analogous to what exists today. Behind that fearful battle line the traditional life of England went on; moneymaking went on and went on very nicely. The traditional aristocratic structure of English society shuddered at the new bad manners in high places. But it endured, and after the war the one aim was to get back to normal. *We knew what normal was.*

All this no longer holds today. Social, business and cultural life is at a standstill. Drawing rooms are closed. Restaurants have become mere places for hurried and potentially interrupted feeding; the theatre is practically dead. During the last war a number of great novels and great books were written, published and read. People still had the necessary capacity for leisure and absorption. Today we have for that kind of thing neither the paper nor the time. Continuity with the past is completely broken because the communal life of the mind is dead and if we are honest, we must admit that we have not the faintest idea of what is to come.

Blueprinting the future

There are, it is true, a good many people engaged in the amusing and innocuous pastime of blueprinting a new social order. I am doing quite a bit of that myself. It is as good a way as any other of passing the time in an air raid shelter, though some prefer poker. Many of my friends are saying that the future order will be a guild social order. But the real question is whether there are going to be any babies. For if there are not, neither the guild social order nor any other order will save us, and if we have the necessary babies the social order will look after itself. Human nature being what it is, the chances are that it will be a pretty rotten social order, but at least it will be an order and not chaos, catastrophe and collapse. The structure of civilized life will be maintained and people will continue to be fed, housed and clothed as they were during individualistic capitalism, which people nowadays seem to think, in my opinion a little unjustly, was about as rotten a social order as you can have.

By all this I mean that the manufacturer of custom built social orders at the present moment is rather putting the cart before the horse. If there is one thing clear from recent experience, it is that social arrangements in the form of allowances and so on do not produce children. They merely alleviate the burden of rearing them after they have been born. Even a permanent guarantee of income and employment will hardly suffice by itself. It may, however, become effective if there is a general acceptance of certain *values*, i.e., if it is generally recognized that it is more desirable to have children than to have some other form of satisfaction. The cultural and biological problem

of Europe therefore resolves itself into the acceptance of these values.

Now here is where the war comes in. *Will the general psychological relaxation following on the proclamation of an armistice produce, now that the traditional order has broken down around us, an outbreak of sheer materialistic hedonism?* The real destructive impact of war may quite possibly not occur until the "cease fire" has sounded. It will be a part of the war, linked to the war by a clear chain of causality, and the issue of history, the future of occidental civilization, turns on this and on this alone—whether we are building up the necessary armament to meet it.

In the light of these considerations one of the most urgent necessities after the war will, in my opinion, be to put some sort of control of advertising, when circumstances once more allow that dangerous giant, now hamstrung by the paper shortage, to stretch his limbs.² British broadcasting has since its beginnings been under such a control and has proved itself an instrument of the highest esthetic and social utility. I see no difference between broadcasting and the printed word that should not make printed publicity amenable to similar treatment.

These are not the impracticable dreams of a visionary, or aspirations out of harmony with hard worldly wisdom. On the contrary it is the crudest and most materialistic considerations that are here taken into account. Business men are the most shortsighted beings that ever lived, but even they must ultimately realize that a downward crash in the birth rate must mean ultimately the destruction of all capital values. It also means the death of our civilization not only in the spiritual but in the crudest, physical, biological, sense.

Macaulay's New Zealander standing on London Bridge and surveying the ruins of St. Paul's may yet be a reality, but German bombs will only very indirectly be the cause of the havoc which he surveys. No doubt this problem exists for Americans in much the same way as it does here, but of the fact that it exists here and that its accentuation may be the only really devastating consequence of the war—of that there is no possible doubt.

² An extremely interesting book has recently been published by Mr. Guy Chapman called "Culture and Survival." In it the author traces out the very close connection between the growth of the tertiary industries, the advertising profession and the decline in the birth rate. For the moment the first two of these have practically ceased to exist as the result of war-time economics. Will they be allowed to revive the full force of their spiritual impact after the war? Mr. Chapman points out that the rise in the German birth rate which actually did take place for a time after Hitler's advent was quite possibly due neither to wireless propaganda nor free furniture to married couples but to the fact that under the war economy wide ranges of tertiary goods had become unobtainable. People took to the satisfaction of having children because the source of all competing satisfactions had been damped down.

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Ten Days in the Orient

Concerning the New Order
in Greater Eastern Asia.

By Philip Burnham

SEPTEMBER 25. Somebody announced that the Export-Import Bank made a \$25,000,000 loan to China, to be repaid in tungsten. So far, the government has loaned \$43,824,528 to Chiang Kai-shek, and he has repaid \$13,160,253 up to date. In the transactions, there is "nothing past due." It is also reported that T. V. Soong is in Washington. He must be as important a representative as China could send: brother in the "Soong" dynasty, and a leader who personifies cooperation with the West.

September 26. The President proclaims an embargo on shipments of all kinds of steel and iron scrap to Japan, to be effective October 16. October 16 is also Registration Day. In recent years Japan has gotten 91.01 percent of her scrap from the United States. This embargo follows a "moral embargo" which has existed for some time on airplanes and airplane parts; and an embargo on airplane gasoline, proclaimed July 25. These economic embargoes which are so typical of American foreign policy look theoretically important, but so far they seem to have disappointingly little effect on nations set to wage war. The *Times* afterwards printed an article on its financial page illustrating that Japan had a stock of scrap metal on hand (purchased principally here) adequate for all ascertainable needs. Someone also pointed out that Japan gets 1,000,000 tons of high grade iron ore every year from the Philippines, and that that trade has not been impeded.

As a matter of fact, the New Order cast its shadow across the Far East long ago. The Philippines went on the quota system around 1931, and its trade with this country and Japan in sugar, cotton goods, etc., has been on a regular quota system for years. R. A. Smith's new book, "Our Future in Asia," describes the increasing number of market controls in the South China Sea area which grew up during the post-war period of rehabilitation. (The 1914-1918 war, that is.) Besides rubber, he mentions sugar and tin and coconut oil. . . .

The Axis

September 27. Berlin announces that Japan joins the Axis. "Germany and Italy recognize and respect the leadership of Japan in the establishment of a new order in Greater East Asia."

At his press conference today, in response to inquiries, the Secretary of State said:

The reported agreement of alliance does not, in the view of the Government of the United States, substantially alter a situation which has existed for several years. Announcement of the alliance merely makes clear to all a relationship to which this Government has repeatedly called attention. That such an agreement has been in process of conclusion has been well known for some time, and that fact has been fully taken into account by the Government of the United States in the determining of this country's policies.

September 28. President Roosevelt speaks briefly at the inauguration of a new civil airport for Washington. Overhead more than 400 military airplanes maneuver. In Cleveland Under Secretary of State Welles gives an address:

Since then [September, 1938, or "Munich"] the policy of this Government has been concerned primarily and consistently with the assuring of our own national defense. It has been directed towards the perfection of our means of cooperation with our sister Republics of the New World, and towards assisting those nations outside the Western Hemisphere whose continued independence and integrity contribute towards the maintenance of peace, and whose continued freedom to live their own untrammelled democratic way of life constitutes a bulwark for the maintenance of individual liberty in the Western Hemisphere. . . .

This might be interpreted as a "new order" policy, and a "new order" reaction to the announcement of Berlin. Of course, the speech was written before that Berlin announcement (which came as no surprise). The prime emphasis is on this country's immediate geographic sphere, the Americas. If the United States should be forced to withdraw from distant outposts, economic or imperial, in a manner somewhat like England, it would retreat to a whole hemisphere, and, desperately and at the narrowest, to a continental sized homeland—not to a small island. "It has been directed towards the perfection of our means of cooperation with our sister Republics of the New World." Is this similar to the idea of geographically integrated political as well as economic blocs, functioning under the leadership of a local dominant power—the idea which seems to be behind the quartering of the globe by agreement among the totalitarian dictatorships?

On September 28, reactions to the Japan an-

nouncement filled the papers. Much speculation on the rôle of Russia. That R. A. Smith book mentioned above has several interesting things on Japanese-Russian affairs, partly summarized in a section titled, "Communism or Russia?" The author says: "As a matter of fact, the Japanese objection to communism, as such, was largely window-dressing. What Japan was afraid of, in a word, was not communism, but Russia. The Japanese, therefore, have made it a part of their program on the Asiatic mainland to limit, to the best of their ability, any expansion of Russian influence and control. . . ." It was the 28th also when the Moscow press finally printed the agreement, including Article 5: "Germany, Italy and Japan affirm that the aforesaid terms do not in any way affect the political status which exists at present as between each of the three contracting parties and Soviet Russia."

China was perfectly sure of continued intercourse with the Soviets. Turkey furnished the most confident reports that the pact was aimed more at Russia than at the United States. That possibility was discussed by various American observers. The most tangible evidence supplied was published in the *New York Post*. A correspondent for that paper in Bulgaria elaborated the steps taken by communists there to oppose Germany. The direct evidence, however, and the most natural interpretation points in the opposite direction. Russia appears to be sterilized now and for a long time by her industrial backwardness, by her inefficient régime of dictatorial bureaucratic centralism and by the dominance of her neighbor, Germany. The expectation of initiative from Russia against the establishment of the "New Order" appears to be very wishful thinking.

Presumably Japan has no great eagerness to take on the US simply to help out Germany and Italy when those two countries are completely incapable of helping her. Tokyo, indeed, gave assurances that American aid to England "short of war" would not lead Japan to break with us.

The Netherlands Indies were said to be undismayed. Their trade talks with Japan continued uninterrupted. The Netherlands Indies (733,681 sq. mi.—pop. 60,731,025—arms from US, 8 mos. 1940: \$2,974,141.62) are committed. They will fight for their integrity, and are equipped to fight hard: confident, no doubt, that they would not fight alone. Meanwhile, the more business as usual, the less difficult their way.

As Japan advanced from the east into Tonkin, the northern state of French Indo-China, the independent neighboring country of Thailand made incursions from the west. The French colonial army and administration were confused. As long as French Indo-China is governed from Vichy, there will be no serious menace to Japanese control, a control whose economic roots were planted deeply before the war. Indo-China, taken

out of the Vichy proxy empire by an energetic coup of Frenchmen along with England or the US, could be a strong colonial force against Japanese dominance of the South China Sea. It is a country rich in resources, attuned to the old order in Asia, but certain to play a passive rôle for many years to come. Thailand, as they now call Siam (200,148 sq. mi.—pop. 14,976,000—arms from US, 8 mos. 1940: \$697,740.31) is an independent nation based on a balance of greater powers. Since its revolution of 1932 its politics have been unstable, in foreign affairs tending away from Britain, whose Burma and Malay Straits surround it on the side opposite Indo-China. It is another rich country in the region which will not furnish initiative and which is now a no man's land, being penetrated by the advancing Japanese front.

Later comment

September 29. Maturer commentary in the US interprets the pact as being most importantly an admission by the Axis that the war against Britain is to be a long war. The foreigners in Shanghai are said to fear that the American policy of harassing Japan is pushing extremists into increased control of the Japanese government. It seems remarkable in general that people everywhere are so reluctant to admit the testimony of their senses regarding the intentions of foreign governments. The Japanese have been saying in actions, and more and more definitely in words, that they mean to control the Pacific side of Asia and the islands and water to the south. The "New Order" is a serious project, not a bargaining point for a reduction in miscellaneous tariffs and an increase in a few quotas.

September 30. Japan is reported to be bidding very high for Mexican metal scrap, oil and airplane gasoline. Can the "good neighbor policy" be reconciled with a dictation of Pan American foreign trade policy? With the present revolutionary condition, Mexican officials are in a poor position to hold out against suggestions from the United States.

Moscow papers blame the US for the pact, claiming it was our war aid to England which caused it. Japanese observers assail the US for betraying England by forcing Japan through our unfriendliness into the pact. Senator King speaks in the Senate in favor of loans to England in return for Pacific bases in a deal something like the one whereby we got the Atlantic bases, except that loans to England would necessitate abrogation of the Johnson Act and a reversal of policy regarding loans to belligerents.

October 1. The *Times* notes in a summary of the bond market: "German loans late last week and yesterday were bid up sharply following the announcement of the Japanese alliance with Ger-

many and Italy. Japanese loans, however, have suffered rather severely marketwise. . . ."

The current *Nation* calls attention to reports of Chinese victories in guerilla warfare, achieved especially by the Eighth Route Army operating against railways in the north. The constant air raids on Chungking and other Chinese-held points appear to have no great effect, especially on morale. Many Catholic establishments have been blasted in the raids on Chungking, according to the *London Tablet*. Among others, the plant of Bishop Yu Pin's *Catholic Daily*. China has had a strong Catholic daily paper before the US.

Parenthetically, the effect of the new order within Japan upon the Christian Church is a matter of extreme importance. There are already new religious laws providing that the establishments previously under foreign missionaries must quickly be run by Japanese nationals. The "Holy Church of Japan" has been organized with the purpose of taking in all the Protestants of the country. In Japan there are twelve Catholic dioceses, vicariates and prefectures, three of which are so far in the hands of native Japanese prelates. The Catholic Church, however, has been preparing a native clergy as quickly as possible, wishing the Japanese to take full leadership in the Church in Japan.

In the Senate, Pepper, of Florida, followed his line by denouncing the Axis pact as an "international squeeze play," and urged that the US "give till it hurts in augmenting the material resources of England, so that they may be assured of superiority in the air." In the House, Representative Fish followed his line by claiming our policy in the Orient is "filled with dynamite," and that the policy of "bluff and bluster" toward Japan had driven that country "into the arms of Nazi Germany and Italy."

Japan turned her drive in Indo-China north against Kwangsi province of China.

Russia

October 2. The Japanese were reported to be trying to come to an understanding with Russia.

The Australian election returns were almost in. The government coalition of the United Australia party and the Country party lost heavily to the opposition Labor parties, and Premier Menzies was trying hard to form an all-party government. Australian trade talks with Japan proceeded normally, and the government continued to prepare instructions which a new Minister will take to Tokyo. In the newspapers much debate over the advisability of an alliance with the United States. Australia and New Zealand are obviously committed to preserving, if necessary by force, their integrity either as free members of the British Commonwealth, or as free nations in some other form. Just as obviously they cannot take initiative

in balking Japan while the Empire is defending itself elsewhere, unless England and the US lead.

October 3. The signing of the alliance between Japan and Germany and Italy is a week old. "Yakichiro Suma, Foreign Office spokesman, said today the Japanese Government was ready to welcome any official mission that came from the United States 'to study the facts as they are.' He added that a joint commission to discuss Eastern problems would be useless unless it first agreed on fundamentals satisfactory to Japan and these would include recognition of Japan's dominant position." The Japanese were reported to have established 38,000 troops in Indo-China already.

The mystery of the East

The greatest enigma remaining in the Orient is the United States of America. Japan must be regarded as serious in her intention to install there a new order under Japanese leadership. None of the European nations with empires in the East intends to lose its positions if it can find anything to do about it. The non-Japanese people who live on the Eastern Pacific are not given the choice between present western dominance with its international economic aspects, on the one hand, or political self-determination on the other. The question for the politically and industrially backward and for the small countries is western or Japanese leadership. It appears true that with the possible exception of Thailand, the countries of Greater East Asia, while they cannot offer the initiative themselves, would function in a struggle more forcefully and with better will if they operated under the traditional leadership and in the traditional patterns instituted by Britain, the Netherlands, France and America. China's tenacious struggle enforces this view almost beyond dispute. Japan has placed her bets, but the showdown cannot come until the Netherlands, England, and most importantly, the US make their play.

It is by no means certain that the US would act most wisely by declaring her intentions and testing her powers in the Orient in the near future; but in this period of quick and sweeping political, economic and military maneuver, the US would have a greater chance of creating the kind of order the country approves, the more clearly and decisively our national policy could be fixed upon at home.

The fate of England is the most important consideration from the viewpoint of naked power. If England beats Germany, after that event England and the US will have the best possible opportunity to settle the Far East according to their wishes, with the US having her will to the degree she is able to formulate it. If England were going to beat Germany, it would be bad tactics to risk war in the Pacific beforehand. If

Germany beats England, the New Order is going to threaten this country from Europe and Africa as well as from Asia. A nation which is not integrated into a tremendously powerful bloc, capable of accounting definitely for an adequate slice of the globe and of organizing in unitary political, economic and military form the men and resources of that large bloc, will be in grave difficulties. If Germany beats England, then the US will be in no position to have an extended and exposed arm way across the Pacific. Talents and energies and forces will be required to make firm the geographic and institutional sphere which embraces the forty-eight local states. We will first have to work for a saving Pan Americanism which can protect the constituent parts from being taken over by other blocs of the New Order. Then we will have to work for the best relationship we can manage between Pan America and the other great units. It is further to be noted that Latin America is in many economic ways a competitor of the Far East, so that building up Latin America may be weakening Asia. If Germany were going to beat England, the US would be wasting herself and preparing sure danger and certain rearrangement later by warring in the Far East before Germany came through. On the basis of current power politics, America should keep out of war in the Pacific while England and Germany are still fighting on the shores of the Atlantic.

A world arranged coldly and ruthlessly on the basis of the power which organized governments can exert is not in accord with Christian principles nor with the American Dream. Americans feel that this country ought to work for an international order based on justice and law. Such an order has elements of acceptance and stability and of material and cultural creativeness which the bare rule of force lacks.

It is not certain that either England or Germany will win the present European war. A stalemate appears just as likely, or a fruitless victory for one side with such exhaustion all around and such enormous cultural change that the peace will prove even more fluid than the peace of Versailles. These moral and practical considerations make the US want to influence Greater East Asia as much as possible. We want the new Pacific order to be compatible with our own wishes and judgments. It goes without saying that our enormous economic stake in the Orient and our position in the Philippines and other selfish motives lead us in the same direction. This will to interfere and influence the settlement contradicts both the most likely immediate interests of power politics which warn us to delay, and also all the pacific arguments which tell us not to kill. This is a true dilemma, and one on which the country will be torn and very possibly ruined, unless "interference" may mean something else than a policy of war.

Greetings, Wholesale

By HARRY LORIN BINSSE

FOR A good many years an entire industry, and not a small industry at that, has been persuading Americans that one essential element in the celebration of Christmas, Easter, birthdays, marriages, any other festive occasion is the greeting card. Their propaganda has been largely successful. From Saint Valentine's Day it has spread out fanwise, until now there is a card for every occasion; and of all occasions, there are most cards for Christmas.

Perhaps I have been suffering from some peculiar variety of myopia, and in consequence I notice only people's complaints about cards, and not their silence or their positive approval. If it is a myopia, then I am its complete victim. And the complaints of which I am so conscious have nothing to do with Saint Valentine's Day or with birthdays—they seem to center around Christmas and Easter, and particularly around Christmas.

The line of complaint is so widely the same that it seems trite to repeat it. All those who are fellow sufferers know the line without being told what it is; those blessed with a broader capacity for perception, not so conscious of the criticism, would probably not understand it even if I repeated it. And perhaps I am not really suffering from any impediment. Perhaps most people, like those I know, are not satisfied.

In any case the feeling that there is dissatisfaction has become strong enough to provoke action. . . . The belief that a lot of people are looking for something different and new in Christmas greetings has led THE COMMONWEAL to produce twelve cards, which seem nearer heart's desire. By the first of January we shall know whether there are many who in this respect share our feelings.

What makes a good Christmas card? That is one of those unanswerable questions, almost as filled with mystery as the question, what makes a work of art? Is there any reason to suppose that in Christmas cards one must *avoid* the qualities which common wisdom has gradually come to believe artistically sound? Therein lies the crux of the matter. There are those who believe that popular taste is for some strange reason bad by definition, and that something which is artistically excellent must in the very nature of things be unpopular. To this view the fact that public taste is indiscriminating seems to lend support. But there are those who argue that however indiscriminating popular taste may be, whenever it is truly confronted with something finely conceived—and by that I do not mean merely esoteric or distorted for effect—the public will recognize quality, and will in the end prefer it. Perhaps tak-

ing such a view is to make one's self outrageously an optimist, but I should prefer the label optimist to the label cynic, and I have never seen convincing evidence to believe such faith misplaced.

The thing has happened time and again with a strongminded pastor determined to build a church something beyond the common. Time and again the first reaction was that the people would not like it. Time and again the people have grown to like it very much indeed, and to feel the absence of quality when circumstances have taken them to a church not created with equivalently loving care. The most stylized of mosaics have attracted to themselves a degree of affection never achieved by the most innocuous of plaster statuary. And what in general have been the paintings and statues that have enjoyed the longest popular reverence as shrines? Often they are works of art possessing none of the commercial graces, and executed in a style which applied elsewhere would be called outrageous.

So if our Christmas cards, announced elsewhere in this issue, have been produced with any one idea principally in mind, it has been the idea of artistic excellence and quality. To achieve this has been our principal purpose, and to achieve it in terms which would make possible prices within every reach. We believe that we have achieved so much: that from the point of view of design and craftsmanship no one of the cards lacks distinction. Now it is up to others to determine whether they agree with us.

The religious aspect of the question is somewhat more delicate. There are those who do not like religious cards of any sort, perhaps out of a feeling that religion is too important and sacred a thing to be incorporated into a trivial greeting between friends. I have never been able to understand that attitude, but I know it exists in many people who are far more worthy of Heaven than I shall ever be. But there are also a great many people who feel that in commemorating Christ's birth, we should commemorate His birth. And we should do it whole, in everything we do, as nearly as that is humanly possible. Nor does this mean that we need go into mourning and have long faces and forget how to smile. If that were the meaning of the thing, the world would be in an even sorrier state, and there would have to be many verses in the Bible politely forgot. "The mountains skip like lambs: and the hills like the lambs of the flock." That is scarcely a lugubrious picture. And the Gradual for Christmas Day enjoins us to "sing joyfully to God, all the earth." . . . Yet it is still with a certain hesitation that I call these cards religious; I do it with an insistence on the essential joyfulness of every Christian feast . . .

Anyway, here are twelve cards, and for many reasons, we hope people like them.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

NOT LONG AGO the DNB, the chief nazi propaganda agency, spread throughout the world and assiduously emphasized a report that the German hierarchy of Catholic archbishops and bishops as a result of their annual meeting at Fulda had resolved to issue a joint pastoral letter upholding the justice of Hitler's rule and calling upon all Catholics in Greater Germany to vow their loyalty to Adolf Hitler. This report was promptly and decisively denied by the NCWC news agency report from Geneva, from which city all news or commentaries concerning Catholic interests in Germany collected for the American Catholic press are now dispatched. The DNB report, however, being issued to the secular press of the world, was of course the basis of far more publicity than was the report issued by the NCWC agency, published only in our insignificant and almost subterranean Catholic weekly newspapers. Yet the NCWC report, issued as it was by the official news agency controlled by the American Catholic hierarchy, really possessed far more moral and ethical authority than it is possible for the official German government agency to possess; hence its positive denial of the startling claim of the German propaganda agency was far more reliable than the latter. That the DNB, however, did not manufacture its astounding report entirely without basis in fact seems evident in view of the more recent report carried by the Associated Press that a pastoral letter has really been issued by Field-Bishop Rarkowski, chief Catholic chaplain with the German Army, addressed to the Catholic soldiers of the armed forces, which expresses the Field-Bishop's opinion that Germany is waging a just war "against those who envy it," and that, therefore, "the German nation has an untroubled conscience and knows which nations have burdened themselves before God and history with the responsibility for the gigantic struggle now raging." That the views of the Army Bishop were known to the nazi propaganda agency may be taken for granted. Since no views differing from those approved by the nazi authorities can possibly be publicly stated in or sent from German or German-controlled territories—except clandestinely, at the risk of imprisonment or death—the German hierarchy, as a body, cannot deny any views attributed to them by the nazi authorities—unless, of course, its members choose to make themselves martyrs. It is a reasonable supposition that if the entire German hierarchy, or a controlling number of their collective agencies, really agreed with the views of the nazi authorities, and with those now expressed by the Field-Bishop, they would themselves say so, publicly and officially. Even if they did so, however, it is probable that they would confine themselves, in any approbation given the nazi principles and practices, to matters concerned with war responsibility, for the view that Germany did not force the present war upon the world, any more than

it forced the first World War, has been so widely and deeply stamped upon German consciousness since 1918 as to include the great majorities of Germans and Austrians not only in their native countries, but wherever they may dwell. German Catholic bishops and priests might well agree with the official German thesis that both in 1914 and in 1939 Germany was not the prime mover of world war, but was driven into war for self-defense by hostile nations, however they might agree with Pope Pius XI and the present Pope concerning the iniquity of the nazi régime in other, and highly important, aspects of its philosophy, policies and practices. On the other hand, the opposing thesis of Germany's guilt in precipitating the first and the second world war is held so widely in the world outside Germany, and is such a decisive factor in maintaining the present war, and will remain as such a primary consideration in whatever scheme of things that will follow the end of the present struggle, that it stands as the most pressing practical problem of the entire complex of problems with which humanity is now desperately dealing.

No more important contribution to the serious study that men and women of good will who desire to reach an honest judgment on this question of questions should give to this matter has been offered, it seems to me, than in the book by Dr. F. W. Foerster, "Europe and The German Question," published by Sheed & Ward. Prominent among Germany's leading teachers and writers before the first world war, a Prussian of the Prussians by heredity and environment, he was and remains passionately loyal to Germany's national mission, as he believes it truly to be—that of being a unifying, federating power among the nations and races of Europe. But he fights against Germany in its perverted mission of a militaristic, conquering, domineering nation-in-arms, perpetually intriguing against all other European nations during times of uneasy peace, and striving with all its enormous strength to overthrow and humiliate other nations when it has been successful in causing war. Dr. Foerster is convinced to the depths of his soul that under Prussian leadership it has been the second, perverted Germany that has overcome the real, desirable Germany, and which was guilty of willing and causing the present war as certainly as it willed and caused the first world war—and the wars of aggression against Denmark, Austria and France under Bismarck's rule which were preludes and experiments in the arena of ruthless, non-ethical power-politics. Because of his views, Foerster was imprisoned by the Kaiser in 1895, and then driven out of university and literary life and into exile. Returning to Germany during the Republic, he found behind the veil of the Republic, he testifies, the same old Prussian war organization steadily working; when the nazis began to rise into power, he discerned their alliance with the Prussian war-machine. He expressed his belief publicly. Warned by the chief censor of Bavaria, who secretly shared his views, that he was to be seized by the nazis, he escaped to Switzerland, and went to work upon the present book, which has been widely read throughout Europe since its publication three years ago. For the new edition he has added sections dealing with the present war.

The book is essentially historical, but not in the ordinary sense of that word; it is rather the distillation of historical material, so that the spiritual forces that alone determine the course of material facts and events are isolated, and studied. How the anti-Christian, anti-personal, anti-humanitarian Prussian spirit arose, often, as in the leading instance of the Teutonic Knights, garbed in Christian asceticism, and apparently battling for Christian interests, yet subordinating even high Christian virtues to the service of absolute militarism and the egoistic dominance of one racial strain above all others, so that all means whatsoever became justifiable, even virtuous, in the service of this Prussian spirit—such is the absorbing main theme of this extraordinarily important work; its purpose being to enlighten Germans first of all, but all surviving civilized minds everywhere, to the Prussian peril, which in alliance with similar forces now menaces not only Europe but the whole world.

Communications

NEWS FROM FRANCE

Editor's Note: Dr. de Sola Pool has sent us the following letter which he has just received. His correspondent was, until the German invasion of Paris, prominent in the Sephardic Jewish community there. The following is a translation of his letter.

AFTER three months of wandering, Dr. X—— and I are here at Toulouse. We left Paris on Thursday, June 13, at night, just as the Germans were entering the capital, and we were able to leave because a car from the American Embassy drove us to the suburban station of Robinson where we found a train leaving for Orléans. But the train took two days and two nights to go half way to Orléans and then it stopped for good. We walked the rest of the way for a day and night and were bombed all the way by German planes. We reached Orléans (about sixty miles from Paris) Sunday the sixteenth and we thought we were safe, but the first German motorcycles reached there as we did and Orléans was surrounded. Its population had fled, several districts were in flames. No hotel, no water, no bread, and the streets empty. There was only the sadness of a dead city. When our despair was complete, we saw a priest on the steps of a church. Dr. X—— approached him. "This is my name," he said, "and I am one of the Sephardic Jewish community of Paris." The priest replied simply, "Follow me." We followed and he led us through the deserted, dark streets to the Catholic college of S———. We received a hot meal, a bed, and we passed the night in the bed and in the cellar, for bombing, or rather French artillery fire from across the Loire, was heavy. The following day we were advised to return to Paris, on foot of course, since there was no possibility of proceeding further into central France. But in Gambetta Square, German officers explained that if we tried to go toward Paris we would probably be killed, for there was heavy fighting on all sides of the city. We returned to the college. The following Thursday, after whole sections of

the city had been burned out, notably the Rue Royale and the rue Banner, the fire reached our college. We did what we could but in a few hours there was nothing left to do. Another Catholic school took us in. Is it really necessary for me to tell you that the hospitality offered us for seventy days by these Catholic priests and Sisters was most cordial and friendly? I will never forget these days of my life.

WE REMIND THE GOVERNOR

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I was surprised to read the Willkie document printed in the issue of October 11, 1940, in the form of an editorial signed "M. K." It is not true that the Democrats are "deliberately and seriously guilty" of making "reckless statements" about the attitude of Republicans on the subject of "appeasement." It is not true that the utterances of Governor Lehman and other prominent Democrats have a tendency to challenge the "patriotism" of those who disagree with them. It is not true that the foreign situation has no bearing on the issues of the present campaign.

The nub of the matter is this: Mr. Roosevelt has taken a strong stand for Britain and against the triple alliance Dictatorships. He has committed the people to a gigantic defense program. The "Yes, but" policy of Mr. Willkie on these matters has been ambiguously stated many times. The people are squarely presented *now* with the question, answerable in November, whether they want Mr. Roosevelt's positive, aggressive policy or Mr. Willkie's "Yes, but." It is perfectly evident to me that it is in the interests of the axis powers to have Mr. Roosevelt defeated.

M. K. also seems to misapprehend the nature of a political campaign. What does M. K. want? A debate confined to the question, for example, whether the NLRB should be changed? Does M. K. want a discussion—but only on the scientific lever, let it be understood—of whether the debt limit should be raised?

A political campaign is not an exercise in the mere exchange of a limited number of ideas. The whole policy of the community is at stake and is the proper subject of discussion; of oratorical discussion. Furthermore, it is clear that the people think with their viscera, hearts and brains as well as with disinterested intelligence. If this were not so, every campaign speech I ever heard or read must have been, as on M. K.'s standards it was, ridiculously and pathetically irrelevant to the "vital issue" before the people.

JAMES N. VAUGHN.

LABOR STANDARDS AND DEFENSE

The Editors regret that in Professor McCabe's article, "Labor Standards and Defense" (October 4, 1940), two typographical errors distorted the sense of what the author had written. On page 482, second paragraph, the fourth sentence should read, "The forty-hour week will probably not be suspended . . ." The next sentence should read, "It would be idle to expect organized labor to agree to increase the maximum at the normal rate of pay up to the health and safety ceiling, if the saving is to go into the pockets of the employers . . ."

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The Stage & Screen

Journey to Jerusalem

THERE is nothing irreverent in Maxwell Anderson's "Journey to Jerusalem," but there is a good deal that is boring. In telling the story of Jesus at the age of twelve Mr. Anderson certainly does not strictly follow Saint Luke. For the purposes of the stage this, however, can be forgiven as long as the dramatist does not violate the spirit of the Gospels. The trouble with Mr. Anderson's play is not that it does this, but that his language brings up comparison with the magnificent phrasing of the Gospels. Mr. Anderson is a sincere and careful workman, and there have been plays in which his dialogue has risen to true poetic beauty. Unfortunately "Journey to Jerusalem" finds him in a more pedestrian mood. Perhaps he was overwhelmed with the task he had set himself, but whatever the reason, with the exception of a few passages his dialogue neither soars nor sears. Moreover his deliberate colloquialisms in the case of the more humble characters jar on the ear. It is all very well to argue that poor Jews and common Roman soldiers did not speak in exalted accents, but the Bible itself does not uphold this contention. A great theme must not be cheaped by language. Realism, or what most people think is realism, has no place in the poetic drama. Such drama must possess heightened speech or it becomes very bald indeed. And a good deal of Mr. Anderson's play is just that.

There are several excellent performances. Sidney Lumet in face and figure is excellent as the young Jeshua, and his acting is informed with a certain luminous quality which is appealing, but his voice is not pleasing enough, and his enunciation faulty. The best performances are

given by Arnold Moss as Ishmael, Frederic Tozere as Herod, and Horace Braham as Joseph. Indeed Mr. Moss's impersonation is superb, and Mr. Tozere's might have been had Mr. Anderson written him a more credible part. But most of the other actors need lessons in how to speak English. Jo Mielziner has surpassed himself in his scenic investiture. (*At the National Theatre.*)

Boys and Girls Together

ED WYNN is back with us. The most perfect clown is still the most perfect clown. Whether it is putting down a carpet, or getting tangled up with a couple of acrobats, or just delivering a monologue before the curtain, Mr. Wynn was never more exhilarating. Unlike Charlie Chaplin or Victor Moore, Ed Wynn never mingles pathos with his fun. He just raises absurdity to the height of genius and lets it stay there. In a world gone mad Ed Wynn is at once the Perfect Fool and the Spirit of Sanity. The laughter he evokes is healing laughter; there is goodness in his absurdity. The words he writes, for he writes them as well as says them, are clean. We need more Ed Wynns and, alas, there is only one. In his latest revue he is ably assisted by Jane Pickens, who has beauty, charm, and a voice; by Sally Craven, the finest ballerina I have seen in a decade; the De Marcos; Paul La Varre and brother; and the handsomest chorus since "Floradora." In short "Boys and Girls Together" is the best musical in town. (*At the Broadhurst Theatre.*)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Rock of Ages

"KNUTE ROCKNE—ALL AMERICAN" is a success story *par excellence*. It traces Knute's career from the time the humble carriage-maker, Lars Rockne, left Norway to go to America so that his children could have every opportunity in this land of equality, through Knute's boyhood and hard-working young manhood, his attendance at the University of Notre Dame, where he graduated with honors and then returned, first to teach chemistry and afterward, when he had to choose between chemistry and football, to put his whole will in coaching, to add to the game's fame and bring glory to his university, to build men of character as well as football players, to know victory after victory, to stand up under defeat, to defend the sport when it was accused of foul play, to be loved by school and country and finally to go to his tragic, early death which was followed by a nation's eulogies. Warner Brothers have told this tale, based on the private papers of Mrs. Rockne and the reports of friends, with respect and admiration that result in a ringing tribute. Pat O'Brien, submerging himself in make-up and change of delivery as he has never completely done before, gives an interesting performance that brings the beloved Rock to life. Of course Lloyd Bacon had to use all directorial tricks to keep the picture moving during stretches of dullness; however he was able to insert swell shots of football games and football hysteria whenever the story got too static and the sentiment too sticky, or O'Brien's well-delivered pep talks came in too rapid succession. Highlighted are the 1913 Army-Notre Dame

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MIDNITE SHOWS

game that first used the forward pass which put Rockne and Notre Dame on the country's front pages, the incidents built around the Great Gipp, Rockne's discovery and use of the shift play, the Four Horsemen—and that trying year after their graduation when Notre Dame met many defeats, then the victorious 1930 season, and finally Rockne's death and funeral which are reproduced with surprising good taste. Although Pat is aided by a good supporting cast—Gale Page as Knute's wife, Ronald Reagan as George Gipp, Donald Crisp as Father Callahan (a combination of two Notre Dame presidents) and many others in lesser rôles—it is Pat who carries the burden of the picture and makes it a fitting memorial for a man who has done much for clean sportsmanship and whose teachings are being continued by many disciples.

Just because the lives of some great men make good movies, this doesn't mean that the lives of all great men can be the subject matter of interesting films. The English have sent us a little item called "*Mozart*," which for all of me they can take right back again. That the facts of Mozart's life should make moving drama is doubtful; but when these facts are put into an inept script by Margaret Kennedy (who has shown elsewhere that she can write living dialogue), and are directed by Basil Dean with the most awkward sort of fumbling, and are acted with the greatest emphasis on ham without any understanding of cinema technique, the result would naturally be the kind of insult to a great composer that this film is. And because the sound track is poor, even the music (Mozart concertos, quartettes, "Don Giovanni," "The Magic Flute," etc.) played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, fails to do much for a cast, dressed in fancy eighteenth-century costumes, as they stumble through Salzburg, Mannheim, Vienna. When English movies are good, they're very, very good; and when they're bad, they're horrid.

Devotees of Gene Stratton Porter (from the way her books used to sell there must have been millions of them) will be delighted to see "*Laddie*" in the films. Director Jack Hively has caught the spirit of the homely Porter philosophy and sentiment by bathing this Indiana farm story in appropriate sweetness. Unspoiled by Hollywood glamor and reputation, handsome, boyish Tim Holt is perfect as a nice, clean Laddie who won't allow his devotion to the good earth to be sullied by his wealthy neighbors—even if he does love "the Princess" whose father (Miles Mander) is an old meanie just waiting to be made over by Laddie's family. If you survive the Porter quaintness, you'll like Joan Carroll's fine performance as "Little Sister" (a much different rôle than she had in "Primrose Path"). Now she's cute without even a touch of sophistication. Remember this takes place some thirty years ago when youngsters were sweet and simple and really liked and believed in a good mushy love story. If you go to this, you go forewarned of soft tears falling throughout an entire film.

All that was in the old days when divorce wasn't talked about very much. Now, even a movie is named "*I Want a Divorce*." In spite of its sensational title, this film has wisdom in its solid digs against divorce and in its sane

satire on the subject. Ralph Murphy has directed the made-to-order plot to bring out the evils of broken marriage vows without actually sermonizing. With a lively sense of humor, some clever lines and an assortment of contrasting married couples as background, he lets Joan Blondell, whose specialty is satire, and Dick Powell, who shows he can act when he's not laboring with fluff and songs, illustrate the main point: most divorces could be avoided; lawyers have built up a needless racket out of the breaking-up-homes business. The picture loses its effectiveness when it drops its amusing playfulness and gets melodramatic with a suicide ending. Its best wise-crack is Grandma Jessie Ralph's: "I've been married for fifty years and I'm still sleeping in the same bed—yes, and with the same man!"

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Pacific

Suez and Panama. André Siegfried. Harcourt. \$3.00.
The Pacific Ocean. Felix Riesenbergh. Whittlesy. \$3.00.

SIEGFRIED'S book is an almost exhaustive study of the building of the two great canals. Some of the chapters bristle with so many statistics that they make difficult reading, but at the same time the technical data make the book useful for the economic geographer as well as for the popular reader.

Unity in the story of the canals depends largely on the hero of the book, Ferdinand de Lesseps, certainly one of the great men of all time. Most readers will be surprised to learn that the French company actually spent more money in digging the Panama Canal than we Americans. In general, Siegfried stresses the rôle of his countrymen and rightly so, for the courage and perseverance of the French in their attempts to dig both canals has generally been overshadowed by the ultimate failure at Panama, a failure which Siegfried explains clearly. He also gives a very up-to-date evaluation of the strategic rôle of both canals. His book will help the serious reader to gain a better understanding of the contemporary world and its problems.

Captain Riesenbergh's book is a serious account of the voyages which finally placed the lands of the Pacific upon the globe, but it is beautifully written, is a coherent account and is as gripping as the wildest adventure story. Having sailed in both sailing vessels and steamships, the author has been able to recapture in vivid language something of the atmosphere of the past. He knows the problems which confronted these early mariners, sailing over uncharted seas and with inadequate navigation instruments. He gives Magellan the credit that is due him, and being concerned with a grander story, rightly dismisses any account of the intrigues and mutinies which afflicted Magellan until he reached the Pacific. The author keeps to his story and does not wander off into an account of Spanish, Dutch and Portuguese colonial history. This is a story of the Pacific, and the Pacific is an ocean. It is a story of huge galleons, swift clipper ships, of South Sea Islands, of pirates such as Drake and Cavendish and it is interesting to note that unlike most historians, Riesenbergh calls them by their right names without in any way minimizing their daring. This part of the story is a useful antidote to those who have seen

the movie, "The Sea Hawk"! Drake was out to make money by piracy, not to free galley slaves!

There is at least one minor slip in detail—the author is wrong in saying that Balboa was put to death on orders from Spain. Pedrarias had him executed because of his personal jealousy and rivalry.

In the history of the Pacific, Captain Riesenbergh gives due credit to the hardy Yankee sealers and whalers whose ships once dotted its waters. Many of us have often wondered if a whale would attack a ship. The author answers the question by giving a vivid account of one such incident which smashed the ship, and, after three months in the dories, reduced its crew to cannibalism.

This is a book for those who love adventure, who are interested in the history of the past, and who perhaps dream themselves some day of building a stout ship and hoisting sails for distant and exotic ports. This book also helps us to understand how the South Sea Islands have acquired the romantic aura which surrounds them. No wonder men hastened to sign up for the voyages of the later explorers!

WALTER JOHN MARX.

BIOGRAPHY

Trelawny. Margaret Armstrong. Macmillan. \$3.00.

EDWARD TRELAWNY, friend to Shelley and Byron, was by any measure a rather astonishing figure. The son of an army officer, he joined the English Navy at fourteen, deserted at sixteen, and lived for five years the life of a South Sea pirate. At twenty-one he was lionized by London, probably because he happened to look a good deal like Lord Byron. He accepted adulation with amusement, married, quarreled, and was divorced from a young lady who entrapped him. He met Percy Shelley at Pisa in 1822. Within a week the Shelleys were treating him as an intimate friend. The following year he sailed with Byron to fight for a liberated Greece. After the premature death of both poets, he wrote a series of memoirs about his friendship with them and his youthful adventures. His life is the very stuff of romance, and Miss Armstrong has written a biography that reads like a novel.

Trelawny's memoirs, unbroken save for the five years which followed his second marriage, have provided the essential material for Miss Armstrong's biography. The material has been worked before, but never so thoroughly. We have here a full-length portrait, robustly colored, discerning without being psychoanalytic—the portrait of that tall, sunburned "stranger" who came like a sudden gust of south wind into the lives of Mary Shelley and her brother and was as suddenly parted from them.

Trelawny admired but did not understand Byron, condemning Byron's morbid preoccupation with his lameness. "He brooded over that blemish as sensitive minds will brood until they magnify a wart into a wen." Shelley he loved unselfishly, and he tried with some success to make the frail young poet take recreation. But Shelley was not easily distracted. "He would set to work on a pyramid of books, his eyes glistening with an energy as fierce as a gold digger who works at a rock of quartz, crushing his way through all impediments, no grain of pure ore escaping his eager scrutiny. . . . He had seen no more of the world than a girl in a boarding school, and his habit of brooding on his own thoughts, in solitude and silence, damaged his health of mind and body."

Miss Armstrong has contributed an outstanding biography to the literature of the English Romantic Poets.

Her portraits of Shelley and Byron possess a freshness and a new interest because they are drawn from the point of view of a friend whose intimacy with them had not been adequately estimated. Trelawny, half Arab half English, half pirate half poet, must have seemed a kind of English Othello to his contemporaries. Because he was genuine and good of heart he made few friends in the stuffy, cynical society of George IV and Beau Brummel. Those he did make have ensured that his name will be remembered.

HARRY P. TUNMORE.

Sheridan of Drury Lane. Alice Glasgow. Stokes. \$3.00.

MISS GLASGOW writes in the prevailing fashion of biographies published purely for entertainment—i.e., elaborated background and much romantic comment. She has, however, refrained from a fanciful title and provides an index of sorts and a modest bibliography. But, in her zeal for the better reputation of her hero as a statesman, she ignores all the infamous tales of his escapades, so peculiar to himself and his period. There is no mention of the trio of Mr. Blackstock (the Prince) Mr. Greystock (Lord Surrey) and Mr. Thinstock (Sheridan) and their nocturnal adventures, and though we are constantly reminded that Sheridan only escaped the debtors' prison by keeping his seat in Parliament, the ruses and hoaxes he concocted for the confusion of his creditors are omitted. Charles Surface was a very mild self-portrait. Sheridan's comedies were written between 1775 and 1780, when politics became his ambition, his political apogee being his speech on the wrongs of the Begums of Oude at the trial of Warren Hastings. His eloquence rang through England, electrified Fox, Pitt and Burke and shattered the convictions of Hastings's staunchest ally. It might have been to Miss Glasgow's advantage to have included a quotation from Lord Macaulay about the opening of the trial in Westminster, as it is difficult either to condense or paraphrase his famous cadences, and it seems as much his property in literature as Brussels during Waterloo is Thackeray's.

The present biographer's sentiment is better suited to the romance and tragedy of the lovely Mrs. Sheridan, the St. Cecilia of Reynolds, whose beauty was as haunting in its sweetness as her voice. Sheridan owed much to three women: his mother whose comedy, "A Journey to Bath" gave him Mrs. Malaprop, his beautiful Eliza, and the second wife who shared his final misery. Happy-go-lucky Irish gaiety softened the rogueries of this handsome wit, whose generosity was always at another's expense and whose misplaced loyalty to the most insufferable cad then in breeches—the Prince Regent—was a corollary of a nature that sacrificed every brilliant opportunity to self-indulgence. Sheridan lived for applause by the wit on which his fame now rests. True, he snubbed his royal patron to uphold Catholic Emancipation, but to take Richard Brinsley too seriously robs him of his best claims to sympathy.

E. V. R. WYATT.

CRITICISM

Letters on Poetry from W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley. Oxford. \$2.50.

DISCOVERING Dorothy Wellesley through her poetry in 1935, W. B. Yeats formed with her a vigorous friendship, unquestionably the most important personal event of the last four years of his life. His let-

ters to her are here collected under a title that points accurately to their main interest. Here we have a continuous correspondence on poetry, Yeats's views on the technique of verse, his estimate of contemporaries, his evaluation of his own work. We actually see his last poems, astringent and pared to the core, taking form through layer upon layer of revision. "Three times I have opened the envelope to add a new version of the enclosed poem." All this is important, not only because it throws light on the craft of the greatest poet of our time, but because it summarizes the wisdom out of which always has come great traditional poetry. He understands his separateness from the fads of the moderns—"ours is the main road of naturalness and swiftness, and we have thirty centuries on our side. We alone can 'think like a wise man, yet express ourselves like the common people.'"

But these letters are for others than poets with technical interests. The aged Yeats comes to life with almost painful lucidity. Everywhere there is the charming, inconsequential gossip of the first-rate letter writer:

I got sleepy & tired & spent my day in bed & thought of my soul. Then I noticed that every time I thought of my soul I used some second hand phrase & knew by that that I was thinking of my soul from ambition and vanity. I said to myself "Your job is to avoid deep places & to die blaspheming" & I got well at once, went to the theatre at night & by day took the bus to Dublin.

SISTER MARIELLA, O.S.B.

FICTION

Dago Red. John Fante. Viking. \$2.50.

MR. FANTE has been likened to an Italian Saroyan, and the disservice of the comparison is all to Mr. Fante. He began to write at a time when there was a cult of the naïve prevalent in American letters, and while he has never been consciously naïve like Mr. Saroyan, he perhaps used the child's point of view in his stories a bit too much. This is noticeable in most of the early stories. It was a difficult task Mr. Fante set for himself, to use a child's psychology and phraseology, even, and yet to give his stories the subtlety of distinguished fiction. He failed more often than he succeeded, and his self-appointed task has not made for a good style.

One tires somewhat of the same Italians, rendered in considerable detail; and despite his accuracy and frequent sharp observation, Mr. Fante's work can be pretty dull. Eleven of the thirteen stories in this book concern the same family, and while Mr. Fante has written little that is untrue, he has managed to include much that is trivial. The twelfth story, "The Wrath of God," seems definitely to mark a change for the better and is the best story in the book.

Whereas the frequent references to the Church in the early stories lead one to believe that for Mr. Fante the intellectual content of Catholicism is delineated by the Baltimore Catechism, "The Wrath of God" shows that Mr. Fante, unlike almost all other American writers, is aware of the subtleties, scope and general ramifications of Catholicism. It is a fine story, almost perfect, and one that not even Graham Greene would be ashamed to own. Other good stories in the book are "A Wife for Dino Rossi," "One of Us," and "Hail Mary."

Mr. Fante appears to be one of those people who is in the Church one day and out the next. But he is a good writer and it is not too much to hope that he will be one of the few Americans we can look to—along with Richard

BOOK PUBLISHERS RECOMMEND

Reviewed in THE COMMONWEAL

RELIGION FOR LIVING. By Bernard Iddings Bell. "This up to date apologetic for Christianity . . . has about it something trenchant and galvanic. . . . It is divided into three parts: The Approach to Christianity, Christianity, and the Promotion of Christianity. . . . There are excellent chapters on prayer and especially on the Liturgy, as necessary elements in a vital Christian social redemption. . . . This book is a clarion call to reality in religion."—Rev. Richard Flower, O.S.B., in THE COMMONWEAL. (Harpers) \$2.00

About Cooperatives

THE STORY OF TOMPKINSVILLE. By Mary Ellicott Arnold. The dramatic story of cooperative housing in Nova Scotia. "The most significant cooperative undertaking on this side of the Atlantic. . . . It is hoped that (the book) will fall into the hands of many . . . social workers, pastors and others vitally concerned with human rehabilitation."—Edward Skilkin, Jr., in THE COMMONWEAL. Order from The Cooperative League, 165 W. 12th St., New York. Cloth bound, \$1.00; paper cover. 65c

Just Published

MY NAME IS MILLION. (Anonymous). The author of this poignant record of individual experiences through the German blitzkrieg in Poland is an Englishwoman, whose name would be familiar to thousands of Americans. Sincere, deeply dramatic, it is the first such report at first hand from a professional writer. (Macmillan) \$2.50

WHO WALK ALONE. By Perry Burgess. The true story of a man who lost one life and found another, who faced an ultimate human disaster with heroic courage and who triumphed over exile, disease, and despair. "Simply to read it is an experience. It has the ring of truth and the fire of hope."—Lewis Gannett. (Holt) \$2.75

"The New Order"

THE DYNAMICS OF WAR AND REVOLUTION. By Lawrence Dennis. The most important book on the current crisis. Its analyses and predictions are so full of dynamite that it was withdrawn by one of the nation's largest publishers after printing and had to be published privately by the author. Has been given the highest praise by as widely divergent critics as Michael Williams, Harry Elmer Barnes and F. L. Schuman. Obtainable at your local bookstore, or directly from the Weekly Foreign Letter, 205 E. 42nd St., New York \$3.00

Sullivan, Paul Horgan and Morley Callaghan—for truthful and subtle interpretations of Catholicism in fiction, as distinguished from the horrible drivel, written in a mixture of holy water and honey, which has come down to us under the name of "Catholic Fiction."

HARRY SYLVESTER.

BRIEFERS

Golden Mirages. Philip A. Bailey. Macmillan. \$3.00.

IT'S NOT the gold itself; it's the finding of it. The prospectors of our Southwestern desert have undoubtedly left behind far more weight in bleached skeletons than they have carried away in nuggets. But still the search continues for the Lost Pegleg Mine, the Lost Frenchman Mine, the Madre de Oro, the Montezuma treasure. For the why and the how of the "desert rat," read this colorful collection of the folklore that has lured and followed him. Gathered on location, chiefly out of the personal reminiscences of local old-timers.

Journey Into Fear. Eric Ambler. Knopf. \$2.00.

FROM all indications, we are in for an epidemic of secret-agent stories. Eric Ambler's—"A Coffin for Dimitrios" was his last breath-taker—are certain to be among the tops of these. One notch below Graham Greene, when he was writing in this vein, he combines adult dialogue, memorable characters and a headline eye with tightly plotted suspense of a sort to keep night-lights burning overtime. A traveling English armament engineer all at once finds his life indispensable to one power, indefensible to another. His hair-raising homeward flight is the story.

My Shadow in the Sun. Frances Davis. Carrick & Evans. \$2.75.

A PLUCKY American girl holds her own with other American reporters on the Burgos side of the Spanish Civil War, and her health is thereby shattered. A spunky autobiographical bit that adds little to our political knowledge or philosophical outlook but supplies a few hours of bright reading.

"Hoss" Doctor. R. J. Dinsmore, M.D.F. Waverly House. \$2.75.

ONE of the better country reminiscence books about a "vet" who had to farm in order to make both ends meet. Neither lyrical nor meditative, this book includes much good narrative and sane information about husbandry and health.

The Inner Forum

Eastern Catholics in Transylvania

EACH alteration of the post-1918 "pattern" of Europe involves a corresponding disturbance of the ecclesiastical organizations which Pope Pius XI worked so hard to bring into accord with the political, racial, ritual and traditional needs of the peoples concerned. Poland, predominantly Latin Catholic but with large minorities of Eastern Catholics and Orthodox, is divided

between Germany and USSR; Estonia and Latvia, Lutheran in majority, Lithuania, three-quarters Catholic, have returned to the suzerainty of Russia; Finland may yet be forced to join them. And now there is the carving up of Rumania, notably by the cession of northern Transylvania to Hungary.

It is remarkable how much Catholics of Byzantine rite have suffered by these changes. It began before the war in the scramble for the Podkarpatska Rus ("Ruthenia"), with its half million Catholic Rusins in the dioceses of Mukachevo and Preshov; presumably the embryonic work among orientals in Estonia and Lithuania has been brought to an end, and there can be little hope for the same but much bigger work in Volhynia, etc.; worst of all, the Ukrainians of Galicia, largest and in many respects most flourishing of all Catholic churches of Eastern rite, are at the mercy of Soviet anti-religionism. And now it is the turn of the Catholic Byzantines in Rumania to suffer.

The ecclesiastical set-up in Rumania from after the last war to date was peculiar and interesting. The Old (i.e., pre-1918) Kingdom of Rumania, with Bessarabia and the Bukovina, is almost solidly Orthodox, the Rumanians having drifted with the other Balkan churches into separation from Rome. There are 10,000 or so oriental Catholics, emigrants from Transylvania, around Bucharest and some 70,000 of them in the Bukovina, but these last are Ruthenians; the Church is principally represented by the small minority of Latin Catholics, about 170,000 in the dioceses of Bucharest and Jassy: these, however, are practically all foreigners or of foreign origin.

In Transylvania (called by Rumanians "The Ardeal") the position was very different, and to understand it, a glance must be taken at the political and religious history of that province. Populated by the people we now call Rumanians, it passed under the dominion of Hungary (though not as an integral part of the "Crown of St. Stephen") in the eleventh century, and so remained till the disastrous battle of Mohacs in 1526, when it became a Turkish province under Magyar (Hungarian) or other foreign governors. For a very brief period at the end of the sixteenth century all Rumanians were united under their prince Michael the Brave (Viteazul), but finally, in 1699, the Treaty of Sremsky Karlovtsy (Karlowitz) brought Transylvania under the crown of the Hapsburgs. It so remained, being made an integral part of Hungary in 1867, till the formation of the kingdom of united Rumania in 1918. After all these centuries of vassalage its population had been very much modified by non-Rumanian elements.

Largely through lack of sympathy and disregard of canon law, the Latin-rite Magyars failed to prevent their Byzantine-rite Transylvanian subjects following the Orthodox schism during the middle ages. Later the Reformation wrought havoc both among Catholics and Orthodox; Magyar Calvinists, who were fierce persecutors, became so powerful that they even imposed a Protestant "superintendent" over the local Orthodox. In reaction from this the Orthodox archbishop of the Ardeal in 1697 proposed to reunite his province with Rome. He died suddenly in somewhat suspicious circumstances, and the "reformers" were active in getting a certain Athanasius Anghel appointed in his place. The new archbishop was solemnly warned of the dangers of Protestantism by the Orthodox Patriarch of Jerusalem (who was then visiting the country), and Athanasius took the warning so much

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to heart that in 1701, in concert with the lower clergy and people, he came definitively into Catholic communion. Between 1735 and 1751 half of these Rumanian Catholics in Transylvania, stirred up by foreign dissidents, mostly Serbs, returned to schism; the faithful Catholics however flourished, especially under the holy bishop Peter Paul Aron, and at the end of a century they formed a complete metropolitan province of the Byzantine rite, with three suffragan bishoprics.

When, then, Transylvania became part of Rumania in 1918 it comprised some 1,300,000 Rumanian Catholics of Byzantine rite, 900,000 "foreign" Catholics of Latin rite, 1,500,000 Rumanian Orthodox, and over half a million Protestants, most of them foreigners.

The accession of these Transylvanians meant a considerable modification of the ecclesiastical position in Rumania. The Orthodox Church has a large numerical majority, but it is officially only the "dominant" religion, and the Catholic Byzantines of Transylvania, being of Rumanian race, were accorded the status of a sort of lesser national church. This could hardly be justified on a basis of numbers, but the prestige of these oriental Catholics is high, both religiously and temporally: in spite of their agelong submission to foreign powers, the Rumanian professional classes, Catholic and Orthodox, in Transylvania are the *élite* of the country. The Latin Catholics, on the other hand, being mainly of Magyar, German and Polish origin, have for centuries been regarded by the Transylvanian Rumanians rather as representatives of the "foreign oppressors"; consequently, when Greater Rumania came into being, they had to take rather a back seat: for example, while all the five Catholic Byzantine bishops are *ex officio* senators of the realm, this office is accorded only to the archbishop among the Latins. Rome provided for this new situation in the concordat of 1929; among its provisions was that the Byzantine bishops should be appointed directly by the Holy See, and that they should be persons approved by the Rumanian government.

This episcopate consists of the archbishop of Fagaras & Alba Julia, who resides at Blaj and enjoys quasi-patriarchal powers, and the bishops of Oradea Mare (Nagyvarad, Grosswardein), Gherla & Cluj (Cojocna), Lugoj (Caras-Severin) and Maramures (residence at Baia Mare).¹ The effect of the cession of northern Transylvania to Hungary will be to cut this metropolitan province into two unequal parts. So far as can be judged from the inadequate maps available, the whole of the dioceses of Gherla & Cluj and of Maramures and a considerable part of Fagaras & Alba Julia and of Oradea Mare will become part of Hungary.² This means that (unless an exchange of population is carried out, and that in itself would be a tragedy for the rural population) hundreds of thousands of Rumanian Catholics will be again under foreign rule, and in a state where their Eastern rite and ecclesiastical life is not the understood norm

¹ The Catholic Ruthenians of the Bucovina, in the diocese of Maramures, have a special organization under their own vicar general. So have the 36,000 Catholics of the very old Armenian colony whose headquarters is at Gherla, formerly also called Armenierstadt.

² So too will large parts of the Latin dioceses of Alba Julia and of Sator Mare, but the change has not the same religious and political significance for the faithful of these. The other Latin dioceses in Rumania are Bucharest (metropolitan), Jassy and Timisoara.

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REASONABLE RATES

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF

OF THE COMMONWEAL, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1940. State of New York, County of New York: ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Philip Burnham, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE COMMONWEAL, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912 as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

PHILIP BURNHAM, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1940.

HENRY A. WELLER,
(My commission expires March 30, 1941.)

but a strange exception; from being a respected and influential element among their own people they will again under foreign rule, and in a state where their East-suspicion, and perhaps subjected to a process of denationalization and repression. The same considerations apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the Transylvanian Orthodox.

I am not for a moment suggesting that this is such a disaster as that which has overtaken the Galician Ukrainians in coming under the USSR: after all, Hungary is a "Catholic nation" and Rumania is not, and if the Byzantine Catholics of Transylvania lived not too happily for two hundred years as part of Austria-Hungary, it was nothing like so bad a case as that of the Ukrainians and the Poles. Nevertheless they had greater facilities for religious development and apostolic work under Rumanian than under Hungarian rule; moreover, a lot has happened since 1918. For one thing, Hungary has become a sovereign state on its own, and it will now have a "minority problem" of a sort that the magyarized Ruthenians and Rumanians of the diocese of Hajdudorog in the great plain of Hungary do not present. Maybe the Magyars will have learned from the mistakes of their neighbors—but maybe they will not. And if they have not, then it is more than possible that the relations between Latin Magyars and Byzantine Rumanians will become as embittered as those between Latin Poles and Byzantine Ukrainians. Such has been the political and, in some respects, religious deterioration of Europe during the past twenty years that one is not justified in taking an optimistic view of the new situation in northern Transylvania.

Even if such fears are not justified by future events, the disruption of the self-contained and flourishing Catholic Byzantine church remains, for in these days of malignant nationalism it can hardly be hoped that the civil powers concerned will agree to the continuance of an ecclesiastical unit that extends into two different states. From a religious point of view it might in some ways have been better had the whole of Transylvania been ceded, if cession there had to be. Relations between the Orthodox Rumanians and their Byzantine Catholic brethren have been better than in some countries, and Rumania has from time to time recently shown good auguries of reunion. At a first glance this possibility seems now to have had an extremely serious setback; but perhaps it is in the providence of God that the common misfortune of Catholic and Orthodox in northern Transylvania will produce a unity that will encourage a further coming together of Orthodox and Catholics in southern Transylvania and the Old Kingdom of Rumania. *Quod faxit Deus.*

DONALD ATTWATER.

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